

After Hours

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After Hours

by [ALPHAwolf](#)

Summary

James's plan to blackmail Severus into a date backfires in the most unexpected of ways.

Notes

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was almost pitch black down in the vacant dungeon halls, the only source of light a hanging lamp glowing dimly some distance away.

James could hardly breath. It was as if a Dementor was sucking the air clean out of his lungs. He was grabbing and gripping at everything he could, holding the body pressed up against him as close as he was physically able.

His back was pressed up against the cold dungeon wall, his thin sleeping robes doing nothing to prevent the exchange of heat between him and the cool stone. It kept him grounded, assured that this really wasn't a dream.

Severus was kissing him. Desperately, passionately. He feared if he loosened his grip on the other's thin frame he might just disappear. He didn't even dare come up for air, both gasping between brief partings of their lips before returning to such a deep kiss breathing through the nose just didn't provide the oxygen their bodies required.

They were all over each other, finally. A grabby, horny, brash mess of two teenage boys, fiercely clinging to one another like lifelines. Severus's hands were all up in his hair and the side of his face, holding James just as firmly as the Gryffindor held him. It was like a coil had snapped and suddenly neither of them could take the sexual tension anymore. At least that was the only way James could describe it. He wasn't even entirely sure how they had ended up like this in the first place.

He'd only come down to blackmail the other into a date, having seen him wandering alone on the Marauders Map. If that didn't work he was going to turn the other in for being out after hours. This would inevitably lead to them both serving detention together, so either way he got his date. The plan had been full proof. He'd snuck out of Gryffindor tower and down into the Slytherin dungeons under the protection of his cloak, almost frightening the life out of the other when he appeared out of nowhere right behind him, leaning casually against the wall with a seductive smirk. Severus had scowled at him as usual, a tight grip on his glowing wand.

"Taking a midnight stroll?" The Slytherin looked as though he might rip his throat out at the sarcastic comment, suddenly storming closer with more aggression than James had ever thought possible for such a quiet and introverted soul. He'd honestly thought he was about to be strangled before they were suddenly making out fervently against the wall.

Severus's tongue tasted like Sleepless Draught, a potion used commonly enough by seventh year student to help them pull all nighters and finish assignments, although it was known to make the drinker slightly rash and hyperactive, not that James was in any way complaining. He was ecstatic enough to just be tasting the other, even if Snape seemed near drawing blood at the force of his bites. If anything it was kind of hot, and James was all too happy to retaliate.

When they finally stopped a moment to catch their breaths they were both raggedly heaving for air, unwilling to pull too far apart as their eyes met. It might have just been the lightheaded-ness but Merlin, Severus had never looked sexier than he did now, panting on his lips and staring up at him with his pupils blown wide.

It took him a second to recall his objective again, figuring he should at least blurt it out before he completely forgot.

"So, you uh, you wanna go out with me to Hogsmeed this weekend?" James asked hopefully, a lopsided grin to his swollen lips.

"Nope." The Slytherin deadpanned breathily without missing a beat, suddenly kissing him stupid once again.

James quickly found this was far better than a date anyway.

End Notes

There! Hope you liked! Remember to Kudos!!!

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